

# THE CASE OF CLUETT PETERS

## Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Cluett Peters, son of Hiram Peters, the magnate, and ostensibly a dapper, successful millionaire's son, makes good in his job in the Second Mechanical National Bank of New York city. One night he is asked to carry to the bank \$500,000 worth of negotiable papers. The next morning Tompkins, the night watchman, is found dangerously wounded and the papers gone. Bowne, a detective, fixes the suspicion on Cluett, who was seen leaving for Boston on a 4 a. m. train.

### CHAPTER VIII.

**THE LION ROARS.**  
BOWNE'S hands went to his trousers' pockets. Bowne grinned again.

Bowne, in short, had accomplished another of his distinctively Bowne-like little side maneuvers, and had, as usual, succeeded, and even after twenty years of successful detective work, the same profound satisfaction remained to him that he had known nearly a quarter of a century before at his first big job.

On Hungerford's side, however, anything but satisfaction was evident. The bank president grew almost limp for a little; then he caught himself together with a jerk and the farseeing scowl appeared—the scowl that would have wilted the average man.

"You're crazy, Bowne!"

"Thanks."

"I mean you're mistaken! You must be!"

"Of course I must!" said the detective cheerfully. "If this young Peters person was some kid working for eight per and supporting an invalid mother in a furnished room, I wouldn't be mistaken at all—"

"But—"

"But so long as it is one of our really elite people that's taken a freak toward theft, I'm wrong!"

"I don't mean that, Bowne."

"What do you mean, then?"

"Why, I mean that I cannot understand—"

"Of course you can't. I realize that well enough," Bowne sat down. "See here, Mr. Hungerford, am I going to work on this case?"

"I hope so."

"All right, then. Ready to check up some details?"

"Yes."

The detective sat back and smiled. Indeed, he went so far as to reach for one of Hungerford's excellent cigars and light it, without even the hint of an invitation.

Having done so, he crossed his legs. "Fem one," he said. "There's no doubt whatever that Cluett Peters started for this bank early this morning."

"None."

"He had the keys?"

"He did."

"He could have walked in by stealth, if he wanted to, without attracting any attention from the watchman, unless the watchman happened to be right within sight and hearing at the time?"

"I presume so."

"And—supposing that Tompkins had been on the upper floor—he could have wandered quietly all around the bank?"

"Yes."

"Now, Peters knew the contents of that vault below?"

"He knew nearly everything in the bank, Bowne."

"So I imagined," Bowne smiled quickly to himself again. "He did wear a long tan coat?"

"I told you so."

"Dark blue suit?"

"I—yes."

"Patent leather shoes?"

"If I remember right."

"Plain black derby. Gray gloves?"

"I believe so."

"The alligator bag was pretty shifty, wasn't it? Had big scales?"

"Yes, it was a conspicuous bag."

"And there was a little bit of heavy brass chain dangling from the handles, too?"

"I believe Peters did chain the thing to his wrist when he left my house."

Hungerford rubbed a hand across his eyes.

"Then that's enough," said Mr. Bowne. "I'm not infallible, but I'll bet my last dollar against a plugged ten-cent piece that Mr. Peters is landing in Boston just about now."

"Bowne, I can't believe—"

"The very best operative I have is on watch at the Grand Central, sir. He's one of those peculiar geniuses that see everything, whether it is of immediate interest or not. He has a gift of making mental notes that beats anything I ever attempted myself. And he informed me flatly that a person answering Mr. Peters' description in every detail walked out to the Boston train at 4 this morning. And now—well, am I to go after him?"

"I suppose you are," Hungerford swallowed hard. "Oh—here! Wait! It might be just as well to ascertain that Peters isn't sick at home, you know, or something of that sort, before we put him behind the bars, Bowne."

"If it can be done in a hurry, Mr. Hungerford," smiled the detective. "I've ordered a man to meet me here at 11 with my grip."

"Well—"

Hungerford picked up his telephone and laid it down again before the receiver was off the hook.

For there was a little commotion without. Some one was saying indignantly:

"Mr. Hungerford gave the most positive orders, sir, that he was not to be seen this morning."

"But I tell you—!" another voice began loudly.

"I am very sorry, but—"

"Take in my card!" said the heavy voice. "If Mr. Hungerford declines to see me, let me know, for, by God—"

Mr. Hungerford's hair, in an almost literal sense, stood upon end. He started from his chair and gripped Bowne by the arm.

"That's Hiram Peters!" he said. Mr. Bowne smiled.

"Well, what of it? He's not going to tear down the bank or shoot us, is he?"

"But—damn it! Bowne, I believe I'm getting rattled for the first time in my life! He—it's his son—"

"You bet it's his son, and you ought to be thankful for it. He can make good a half million, but if a surety company had bonded some other kid and—"

The president of the bank resumed his calm very suddenly, for the door had opened and the page was saying:

"Mr. Peters—Mr. H. Peters—wishes to see you, sir!"

"Well—"

"Ask Mr. Peters to come in," Bowne suggested.

The boy looked inquiringly at Mr. Hungerford, who nodded acquiescence, and disappeared.

And in something less than five seconds Mr. Peters himself was on the scene.

He entered with that cheerful look of ceremony that had marked his earlier years and which now came out in moments of emotion. He slammed the door behind him and faced Hungerford squarely with a polite:

"Hungerford, where in hell's my kid?"

The bank president blinked.

"Peters," he began. "You see—"

Peters sat down with a thud.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

"Well, that's what we're trying to find out. That—"

"Trying to find out!" The gentleman of real money leaned forward and his lower jaw was not unlike that of a bulldog. "What is there to find out? Wasn't he at your house last night?"

"Yes."

"And I supposed, inasmuch as he didn't telephone, that he stayed there all night. Now, I've phoned and they tell me that he started for home."

"What time did he leave?"

"A little after 1."

"Did he come to work this morning?"

"No, Hiram! That's just the point! That—"

"The point he damned!" thundered Mr. Peters. "Where's Cluett now?"

The murder wound a long breath. The most diplomatic form possible; and when it had come forth in the form of words—

Bowne, glancing out the window and perceiving across the street a man with a grip, broke in gratefully:

"I'll take a thousand dollars in cash, please, Mr. Hungerford."

Peters wheeled about and stared. Hungerford drew a pad toward him and scribbled a line or two.

"Marshfield will give it to you," he said thickly. "Good luck. Let me hear from you."

"I will that," smiled Bowne. "Good-bye!"

The door closed behind him. Mr. Peters' hat was slammed to the desk and his heavy fists rested upon his knees as he glared at the bank president.

"Now—!" began Mr. Peters.

## EDGAR FRANKLIN

Author of "The White Streak of Disaster," "The House of Suspicion," "Chicago by Thursday," "The Burden of the Billions," Etc.

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### CHAPTER IX.

**THE END OF CLUETT.**

WHEN a train of day coaches leaves New York at 4 in the morning, it is unlikely to carry urgent mails or fastidious passengers.

Further, with several dozen stops and switchings and waits for other stray cars, it is more than likely to laugh the mere printed schedules to scorn.

This particular train having embarked lazily about three or four States, rolled into the Terminal something like half an hour overdue, and with nobody apparently worried about the fact. It came to a clucking standstill, and perhaps forty yawning men descended and shuffled forth into Boston's morning sunlight.

They were a humdrum, monochromatic crew, each intent upon himself; not one of interest to the station attendants or the world at large.

Or still—there was one man who caused the gatekeepers to stare for the moment, and then forget.

It was a slight youth, who should obviously have descended from a Pullman, either in the early morning or about three in the afternoon.

His hair was blond; his coat was long and markedly on the tan order; his gloved hand carried an alligator bag that could hardly fail to attract attention—and it was rather curious that the bearer of the bag managed to allow his long coat to blow about it.

Still more curious was it that the young gentleman turned distinctly red when, looking up suddenly, he noted the intent eyes of a guard upon his crumpled luggage.

Starting mainly at the ground, he hurried onward until the street was reached; and here he paused in the thinning crowd and looked around with a good deal of indecision.

A cabman or two advanced toward him. He shunned them suddenly and started for the farther end of the station—and here he paused again.

Very evidently something was annoying the gentleman in the tan coat, something, too, which rested heavy on his mind. His eyes shifted furtively from right to left; he turned abruptly and looked behind him, and as swiftly turned to contemplate things ahead once more.

One or two men glanced at him curiously; he avoided their stares and put further distance between himself and the entrance.

And at last, just as a pair of his fellow travelers sauntered down upon him, the blond youth seemed to find inspiration toward flight. He darted straight across the street and into a waiting car. A moment or two, and tan coat, alligator bag and all, were lost to sight.

Later in the day—a very little later—a new phenomenon visited the really toughest part of Boston's harbor front. It was an apparition in tan coat, the collar of the coat was upturned and the hat was pulled down somewhat; and, all in all, the person within the coat seemed very sorry, indeed, to be attracting attention.

He hovered around for a little—back and forth—up one street for a little way and down again.

He ended this time by ducking into the murky depths of a longshoremen's hotel.

Half a dozen seafaring gentlemen and shore gentlemen were smoking pipes that might have figured as the tortures of flades to a sensitive nose. They stared.

This was another stunning person—a smart newspaper man, perhaps, who was going to do an article or two on the real life of the cheaper grade of New England seafaring man.

Or—no, it wasn't! That kind usually turned up with tags of ostentatious

roughness. This gentleman showed no desire whatever to affiliate with the crowd; indeed, his desire to avoid them was almost painfully clear. Without a glance to right or left, he made for the ramshackle desk and went the extreme limit of luxury by engaging the only 75-cent room in the house.

He paid for it with three quarters; he was escorted up the dark stairs by the grimy saloon porter. And Mr. Rafferty, who owned the place, winked humorously at Mr. Riley, who served as clerk, and sometimes as barkeeper, and occasionally waited upon the 20-foot long tables in a rush.

They, at least, had seen that type two or three times before! The blond person with the little moustache was some neat, small crook, who—having achieved temporary success and a supply of good clothes—had "fallen" and was now hiding in his own haunts again.

Whereupon, as best belitted, the stranger was forgotten!

An hour or so, and Mike, the over-worked bartender, reported curiously that some swell guy had come down from upstairs and gone out. Mike didn't know whether he had returned or not.

And Messrs. Rafferty and Riley lighted their own pipes in the office and consulted lazily.

As a matter of fact, the gentleman of the tan coat had left inconspicuously. For a beginning, collar upturned and eyes avoiding every man he met, he had steered straight for a store—one of those forlorn second-hand places, usually with a pawnshop adjoining.

Without going into unnecessary detail he had made what purchases he desired and paid for them out of a roll of three or four dingy one-dollar bills.

He had located a second-hand, well-worn thick suit which at least came within a size or two of fitting him. For a grudging half-dollar he had acquired a second-hand sweater, rather stronger in age and odor than in beauty. As a particular indulgence he had expended another quarter on a big, old canvas telescope bag—and as a particular favor the grimy owner of the den had allowed him to change his raiment in the rear of the store.

So that with the expenditure of a

few minutes and a very few dollars, the gentleman of the tan coat emerged presently, rather dismal and suggestively dirty, and went to the pawnshop.

A dicker here secured what remained of a once beautiful safety razor for forty cents. The small youth tucked it into his pocket and sallied forth to the barber shop next door. He did not need a shave. What he wanted was a hair cut and full ten cents' worth of hair out.

He received it. A mass of waving yellow locks remained to the barber, but a close crop and an all-pervading scent of artificial bay rum remained to the customer. The customer gathered up his unpretentious grip and hurried back to the side door through which he had emerged.

And once in his room, another odd thing or two happened.

The sweater came off, with several subdued grunts of disgust. The safety razor came out swiftly. The small man regarded the cake of soap at his basin. It was ornate soap, of the kind that might be expected to coat the skies with a violent, pinkish odor; but he went to work with it. His little yellow moustache departed first; then the rest of the face was scraped religiously, and finally polished to a piano finish with the soap.

The sweater went on again. Also did a towel go into the Republic. Further was a newspaper pinned neatly over the closed transom.

The man, lately of the tan coat, dragged alligator bag and canvas bag toward him and squatted on the floor—and for minute after minute he was very busy indeed until a sharp knock came on the door.

Curiosity had overcome Mr. Riley. He knocked again, and in a second or two he faced the shaven youth with:

"Say, you didn't register?"

"Huh?" That was certainly not the voice that went with the tan overcoat.

"Ye didn't put yer name down on the book downstairs?"

The small man in the sweater turned haughtily.

"Aw go chase yerself!" he said. "You stick it down, Bo!"

"Well—"

"Go on! You can write it as well as I can!"

"Well—!" Mr. Riley scratched his head. "What's yer name, then?"

"It's Cluett." The small man caught himself without attracting notice. "It's Johnson, Bill—Walter Johnson. Put it down for me!"

The continuation of this story will be found in tomorrow's issue of this paper.

## GEOLOGISTS MAKE MERRY AT FEAST

Origin of Oil—A Pipe Dream, and Other Stunts Were on Bill.

If President Roosevelt had attended the annual dinner for 1909 of the Pick and Hammer Club, he might have regarded these members of the Geological Survey as nature fakers, for among the stunts that were put through for the entertainment of their guests and themselves were skits having such weird titles as "The Origin of Oil—A Pipe Dream," "The Pick's Lament," "Fairy Tales," "The Legend Parker Once Did Tell," "Van Horn Stopped Smoking," and "Every Heart Is Full of Cheering."

The dinner was given last evening at Rauscher's and geologists and their friends to the number of 25 sat down to one of the most enjoyable affairs in the club's history. Entering into the spirit of the occasion, the diners brought into play repartee, song and story in a manner which only arises from an inspiring atmosphere.

The event was graced by the presence of a large number of ladies.

## LIVES ENDANGERED BY FIRE IN BOSTON

Timely Arrival of Patrolman Saves Many in Early Morning Blaze.

BOSTON, Feb. 21.—The lives of twenty-five persons were in peril early this morning, when a brisk fire, followed by dense smoke, broke out in the wooden building at 28-29 North street.

Through the timely presence of Patrolman Kelley, many of the endangered occupants of the second and third floors were led to safety.

Two children, who were left asleep by excited parents, were rescued by firemen.

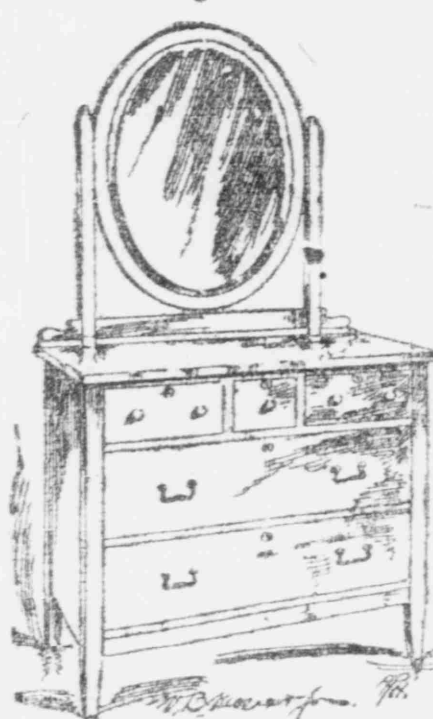
## PLANS CELEBRATION OF 19TH BIRTHDAY

The Confederate Veterans' Association will be nineteen years old next Thursday and proposes to celebrate the event with a smoker at the Confederate Memorial Home, 122 Vermont avenue northwest. All veterans of the Confederate army, navy or civil service and members of the local camp of Sons of Veterans are invited to the affair.

## W. B. MOSES & SONS

Close Monday, February 22, at Noon

For Inauguration Needs  
**White Enameled Furniture**  
Specially Reduced



**This White Enameled Bureau \$16.45**

This bureau and all other bedroom pieces to match in a perfect suite of cottage design.  
CHIFFONIER, white enameled, with glass ..... \$14.25  
CHIFFONIER, without glass ..... \$9.50  
TOILET TABLE, white enameled ..... \$12.00  
WASH STAND, white enameled ..... \$5.75  
TABLE, white enameled ..... \$2.50

**Great Exhibit and Sale Oriental Rugs**

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## BIG SALE OF LAND MAY BE SET ASIDE

Proceedings Begin in Mobile Tomorrow to Cancel 9,000-Acre Deal.

MOBILE, Ala., Feb. 21.—Tomorrow in the chancery court, proceedings will be filed to set aside the sale by C. C. Dickens to John N. Dickens, of Houston, Va., and John Hawkins, of Danville, Va., 9,999 acres of land, on the ground that the deal was fraudulently transacted.

The price paid for the land was \$30,000, and it is said to be worth \$25,000. Dickens was arrested in Houston, Va., on charges of embezzlement and perjury, and at the same time is in the county jail for contempt. It is charged that he has done away with \$75,000 of money belonging to the estate of his dead relatives and that he sold his property while action was pending against him. His arrest took place at Houston, Va. Dickens is well known about Washington, D. C.

## FUNERAL ARRANGED FOR GEORGE GORDON

Former Sheriff of Fairfax County Will Be Laid at Rest Tomorrow.

Arrangements are being made today for the funeral of George A. Gordon, for sixteen years sheriff of Fairfax county, Va., which will be held tomorrow afternoon at Fairfax Courthouse. He is survived by a wife and daughter, Miss Alice G. Gordon, and four brothers, Henry D. Gordon and Fulton R. Gordon, of Washington; Dena Gordon, of Wichita, Kan.; D. Smith Gordon, and three sisters, Mrs. Ray T. Bailey, of Washington; Mrs. Horace Bailey, of Fairfax county, Va., and Miss Amy Gordon, of Denver, Col., all of whom will be present at the funeral. Mr. Gordon was born in Georgetown, but has spent most of his life in Virginia. For the past twenty years he has lived at Fairfax Courthouse. He served in the civil war in the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Grimsby.

## PRINCE FROM CHINA FINED \$2 AT YALE

Foh Chung Yen Fails to Have Light on His Carriage While Driving.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 21.—Foh Chung Yen, of Shanghai, a Yale medical student, generally credited with being a Chinese prince, was fined \$2 in the police court for not having a light on his rubber-tired carriage while driving.

## POLICE OUT FOR MAN DRESSED AS WOMAN

Masquerader Walks Streets of Springfield, Mass., and Chases Tarrying Citizens.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 21.—Police here are baffled in their attempts to capture a man who is masquerading in woman's attire and frightening persons. For a week the mysterious stranger has made his appearance nightly and several women have been chased by him.

## SAVE YOUR EYESIGHT

Also \$1.00 at the Same Time

LEESE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS are the only glasses that perfectly restore the normal vision of the wearer. Reading and distance lenses are so combined in these glasses as to enable the wearer to see clearly both near and far.

## LEESE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

contain no visible line of division where the distance and reading lenses join to annoy the wearer nor mar his or her personal appearance. On the contrary, the entire glasses are as near invisible as it is possible to make them. Take advantage of this money-saving offer which is made to more thoroughly and quickly introduce glasses that you will eventually be glad to buy at the regular price.

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## Commencing Sunday, February 21, 1909

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Will Be Placed in Service on the Fourteenth Street Line

Passengers Will Please Ask for Transfers When Paying Fare

### The Pay-As-You-Enter Car

THE CAPITAL TRACTION COMPANY

REAR OF CAR FRONT OF CAR

The arrows indicate the direction of movement of passengers when entering or leaving the car.

Commencing Sunday, February 21, 1909, "Pay-As-You-Enter" cars will be placed in service on the 14th Street Line.

By the adoption of this type of car, the Company expects to provide a better service, with greater safety and comfort to passengers, and this expectation can be realized only with the full co-operation of the public in obeying the following directions and instructions:

- 1st. All passengers are required to enter the car at the rear, end only and by step marked "IN."
- 2nd. On boarding platform passengers will pay fare to conductor and immediately pass into the car, moving as far as possible to the front.
- 3rd. Transfers will be issued only at the time fares are paid.
- 4th. Passengers will have exact fare or change to purchase tickets in hand before boarding car.
- 5th. Passengers riding on transfers will have transfers unfolded, in hand, and ready to give to the conductor.
- 6th. Passengers are urged to leave car by front door.
- 7th. Persons desiring information, presenting bills to be changed, or with question as to transfer, will be requested to step aside until others on the platform have passed into the car.

## THE CAPITAL TRACTION COMPANY